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LYRICS
BY
JAMES SIMMONDS

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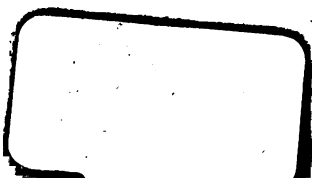
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*J. S. Fisher, Esq.
with the Authors
... Kind regards*

LYRICS:

A COLLECTION OF

Songs, Ballads, and Poems.

BY

JAMES SIMMONDS,

(COMEDIAN.)

SYDNEY:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES FRYER, GEORGE STREET

1858.

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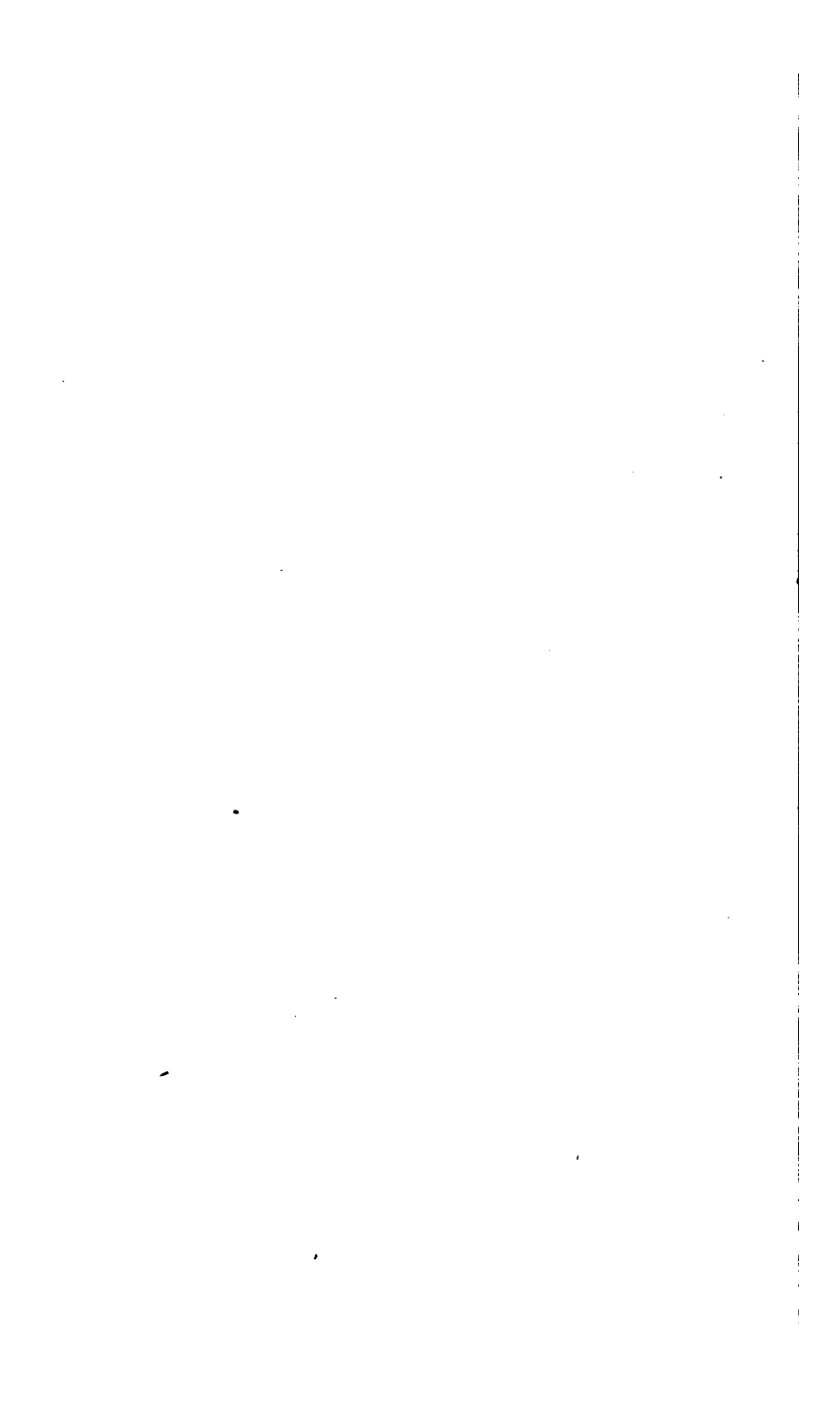
ALEXANDER SIMMONDS, ESQ.,

OR

EAGLE HAWK, BENDIGO,

As a Token of Affection from his Brother,

THE AUTHOR.

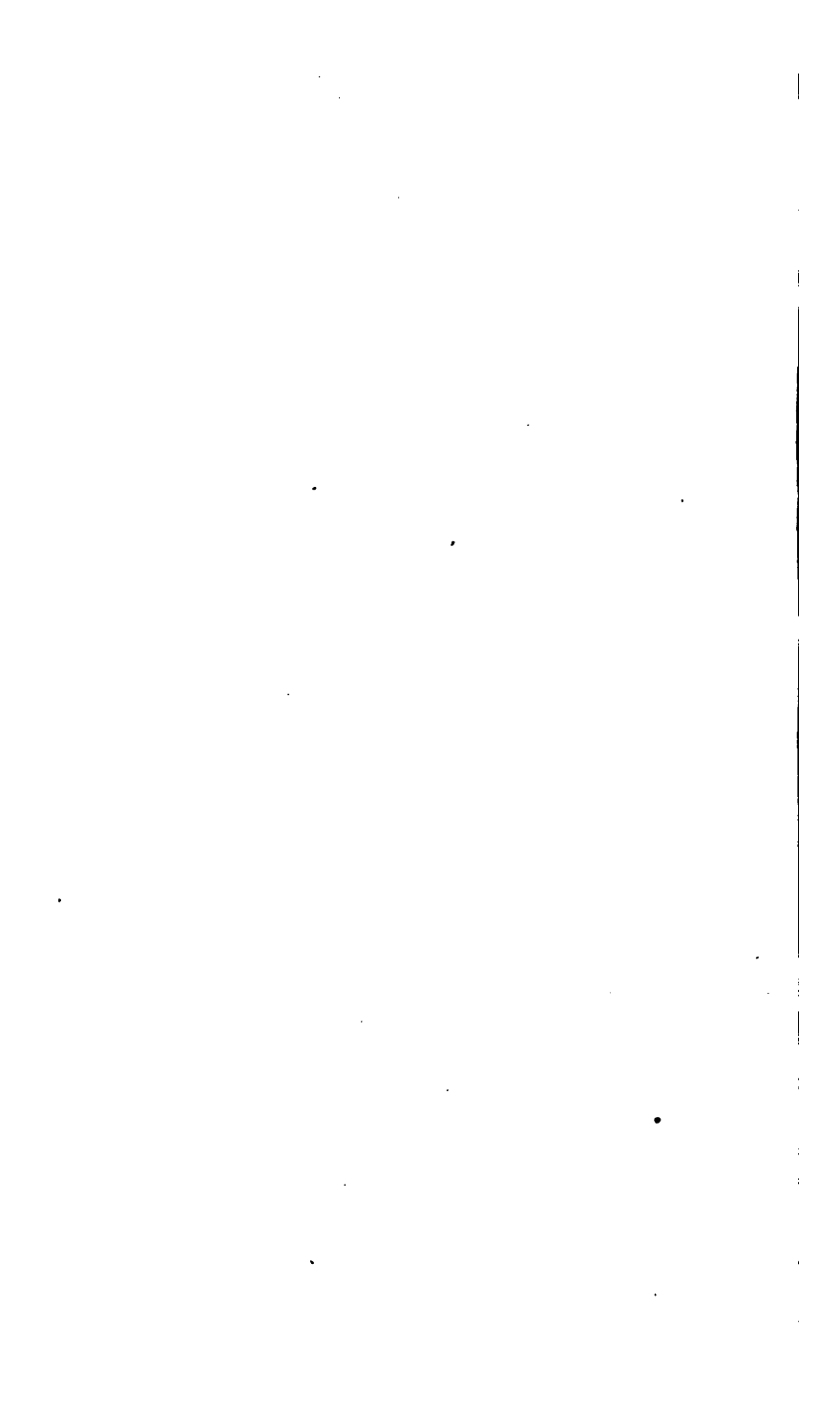


PREFACE.



THE greater number of the following Ballads have been published with Music in England and the United States, and will be doubtless familiar to many readers. The Author's principal object in publishing them in a collected form is the hope that, however slight their merit, they may constitute a memento to, and a connecting link with, the numerous kind friends he has made in the Australian Colonies.

Sydney, Feb. 8th, 1858.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
LET us Speak of a Man as we find him	1
The Spring Time of the Heart	2
When I List to thy Sweet Voice	3
The Last Appeal	4, 5
Light and Shade	6
If my Time could come Over Again	7, 8
Think ere you Speak	9
Thou art not Here	10
The Will: or, the Spirit of Mercy	11, 12
Nelly Malone: or, Where there's a Will there's a Way ..	13
Never Mind	14
The Evening Star	15
Honest Pride	16, 17
The Battle of Life	18
We're Friends Again	19
Wilt thou be a Poor Man's Bride?... .. .	20
Do as you'd be done by	21
The Hand and Heart.. .. .	22, 23
The Wanderer's Lament	24
Yes or No!	25, 26
My Mountain Cot	27
Forbode not the Ills of To-morrow	28

	PAGE
Look on the Bright Side of Life	29, 30
It is Never Too Late to Mend	31
Weep not o'er Joys Decaying	32
The Dream of the Past	33
Days gone by	34
The Pen and the Sword	35, 36
The Heart when Wrecked by Faithless Love	37
Tis a Beautiful World, Indeed	38
Old Times	39
The Memory of Happy Days	40
Let us be Happy while we may	41
Words from those we Love	42
We should not condemn all for a few	43
First Love	44
Make Hay while the Sun Shines	45
A Voice from the Heart	46
The Test of Friendship	47
Deck not thy Brow with Costly Gems	48
Let the Tear of Sorrow Flow	49
Contentment	50
The Chimney Nook	51
We Love, we know not why	52
There is no Land like our Own	53
You will Find no Change in Me	54
Not a Ripple on the Stream. (Duet.)	55, 56

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
The World hath many a Lovely Spot	57
The Battle of the Mind	58
The Passing Flower	59
Pride: or, the Cottage Rose	60
Let some Gentle Word be Spoken	61
Some One to Love	62
Summer Friends	63
Love's Talisman	64
Love's Advice	65
Let us Hope to Meet again	66
The Little Voice Within	67
Green Leaves	68
Love's Conquest	69
A Welcome Guest	70
Lift Up the Veil Old Father Time	71
Zinga, the Gipseý	72
Annie Lowe	73
Sambo's Serenade	74
There is ONE that Seeth All	75
Day and Night. (Duet.)	76, 77
What are they Doing at Home?	78
Little Katy	79, 80, 81
Never Mind Him	82
Guardian Spirits	83
Paul and Virginia	84

	PAGE
Be True to Me when Far Away	85
A Home in the West	86
I am Thinking of Home	87, 88
I Would my Life Pass Calmly By	89
Never Give the Mitten	90
The Gold Fiend	91, 92
Golden Dreams	93
The Wanderer.. .. .	94
Love and Pride	95, 96
The Dying Indian Girl	97
The Flow'rets of the Grave	98
A Home with those who Love Us	99
Acrostic	100
The Parting Kiss	101
The Hungarian Lament	102, 103
Guardian Angels. (Duet.)	104, 105
Let Me Alone	106
The Mother's Grave. (Duet.)	107, 108
Why Delay the Happy Hour?	109
Woman's Worth	110
The Militia Men of England	111
Wealth and Poverty	112
To Anna Maria Quinn	113, 114

Lyrics.

LET US SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM.

I.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see ;
And should a man blame, let's remind him
That from faults we are none of us free.
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
Whom we're loading with high honors now.

II.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say ;
If he's frail, then a kind word will bind him,
Where coldness would turn him away.
For the heart must be barren indeed,
Where no bud of repentance will bloom,
Then pause ere you cause it to bleed,
On a smile or a frown hangs its doom

THE SPRING TIME OF THE HEART.

I.

Old Time may come with his wint'ry hand,
He may turn my black locks grey,
For what care I for snow on the land,
If my heart be warm as May.
Let him wrinkle my brow as much as he will,
Let beauty with youth depart,
But as long as I live, oh ! let him not kill
The sweet Spring Time of my heart.

II.

Let transient friends whom I thought sincere
Depart when most I need them,
Still let me think there are others dear,
And I will never heed them.
Let me not sail life's perilous sea
With faith blotted from my chart,
For I'd rather my bark should shipwrecked be,
Than the Spring Time of my heart.

WHEN I LIST TO THY SWEET VOICE.

I.

Oh! when I list to thy sweet voice,
 Methinks an angel bright is near,
 Bidding the saddened heart rejoice,
 Laughing at every worldly fear.
 Life's desert then a garden seems,
 And flowers in a moment bloom,
 Fond hope awakens golden dreams,
 And chases every cloud of gloom.

II.

Oh! when I bask in thy sweet smile,
 There seems no joy to me quite lost,
 Life's storm though raging for awhile,
 I yet may brave tho' tempest-tost ;
 The welcome haven reach again,
 Tho' angry clouds hang o'er me now,
 For every danger lowers in vain,
 While thy sweet smile beams o'er my brow.

THE LAST APPEAL.

I.

'Tis at the solemn hour of night
When aching hearts are sleeping,
A lovely girl, with footstep light,
From home and friends is creeping.
Her breast seems like the troubled sea
With strong emotion heaving ;
Her heart is panting to be free,
Yet to her home 'tis cleaving.

II.

With trembling feet she nears the bed
Where her sire in sleep reposes,
To gaze as looking on the dead
'Ere the grave its tenant closes.
She tries to break the strongest tie
That binds mankind to earth,
For love is tempting her to fly
From him who gave her birth.

III.

Ah ! now she's bending o'er his brow,
 Her tears his cheek bedewing ;
 She prays to heaven to aid her now
 His silvery locks she's viewing.
 He wakes ! and hears his dear child pray,
 Like an angel she is pleading,
 " Guide me," she cries, " I've lost my way,
 My heart to love is yielding.

IV.

My father heeds nor tears nor woe,
 He would seal his daughter's sorrow,
 But one there is who waits below
 Will shield me ere the morrow ;
 Yet deep will be my father's sighs
 When morn shall my flight reveal."
 " Go not," the old man wildly cries,
 " For I grant thy last appeal."

LIGHT AND SHADE.

I.

I love to list at twilight hour
To the rustling of the trees,
And gaze upon the closing flow'r
Kiss'd by the murmuring breeze.
Like Childhood's soft seraphic face,
There beams a calm and holy light,
When daylight takes its last embrace
And bids the world a sweet good night.

II.

Heaven doth wisely mantle o'er
The lovely earth with sable night,
That mortals watching nature's law
May learn to prize the glorious light.
The brightest flowers would lose their charm,
Did we not know they're doomed to fade ;
And thus Life's storm endears the calm,
While light is strengthen'd by the shade.

IF MY TIME COULD COME OVER AGAIN.

I.

"If my time could come over again,
What a different man I would be"
Cried old Lubin Brown to his wife
One evening while sipping his tea ;
"Come tell me," she cried, with a smile,
"Tho' your wishing will all be in vain,
Still tell me now what would you do ?
If your time could come over again."

II.

"In my youth," he exclaimed, "I'd be wise,"
At which the old dame shook her head,
"Shun folly as tho' 'twere a plague,
And so I should ne'er be misled."
"If you pass by that flower," she exclaimed,
"Tho' its thorns give some moments of pain,
You will always be Old Lubin Brown,
Tho' your time could come over again."

III.

“ Ah ! yes, my old dame you are right,
Without folly there's scarce any joy,
So I see that an old man's head
Would not suit the light heart of a boy.
Then, give me my staff and my hat,
And we'll walk down some beautiful lane,
We'll enjoy the sweet evening of life,
For my time will ne'er come o'er again.”



THINK ERE YOU SPEAK.

I.

Think ere you speak, for a word lightly spoken
 Oft wakens a pang that has slumbered for years,
 And memory's repose when once it is broken
 May turn a sweet smile into sadness and tears ;
 No pleasure can then chase the gloom from the mind,
 Or recal the sweet smile that once played o'er the cheek
 With the heart's deepest woe that word may be twined,
 Then strike not the chord, but Think ere you speak.

II.

Think ere you speak for a cold word may sever
 The friendship of one time can never restore ;
 A blight may destroy the affection for ever,
 And the flower you cherish may blossom no more.
 You cannot recal the word when 'tis spoken,
 Altho' you may own it has caused you regret,
 Still when the spell of affection is broken,
 The heart may forgive, but it cannot forget.

THOU ART NOT HERE.

I.

Why sounds the song less joyous now
Than it was wont to do of yore ?
I see its power on ev'ry brow,
Yet my poor heart it charms no more.
I cannot blame the minstrel's skill—
I praised it oft when thou wert near—
Why has it ceased to charm me still ?
My heart replies—Thou art not Here.

II.

Why has the dance no joy for me ?
I once was foremost in the throng,
Yet now so dull it seems to be,
I deem it like the once loved song.
What is the spell that changes all,
And turns my smile into a tear—
The charm that doth my soul enthrall ?
My heart replies—Thou art not Here.

THE WILL: OR, THE SPIRIT OF MERCY.

I.

An old man is bending o'er a Will
That lies before him spread,
And he is bent to do a deed
That will be his shame when dead.
An only son whom once he loved,
He has sworn to love no more ;
He married 'gainst the old man's threat,
And he spurned him from his door.

II.

The pen is raised to write a name
That should make his blood run cold,
For it dooms his child to poverty
Whilst strangers have his gold.
A warning voice from his heart now springs,
And he trembles o'er with fear,
For it cries—Hope not for mercy
If you deny it here !

III.

The old man obey'd the warning
Which the Spirit of Mercy gave,
And the son will bless his memory
When he's mouldering in his grave ;
For tears of pity ran down his cheek
As he wept his anger o'er,
Which made him feel he loved his son
As he had done of yore.

IV.

With eager hand he seized the pen,
And joy now filled his breast ;
He signed the will, forgave his son,
And his conscience was at rest.
And never from this golden rule
Did that old man depart ;
That the best of all advice to man
Is given from the heart.

NELLY MALONE :

OR,

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

I.

"Oh! Nelly, dear Nelly," poor Lubin cried,

"Tell me, dear girl, and tell me true,

Have you the courage to be my bride,

When we've little fortune between us two?

Love may for awhile hide the canker of woe,

While the heart's in the heyday of vigor and youth,

But old age will come, and wintry winds blow,

Then keen will the pang be from poverty's tooth."

II.

"Fie, Lubin! fie, Lubin!" dear Nelly replied,

"See those two sparrows building their nest,

There's no one to help in the wide world beside,

Behold, love does wonders when put to the test.

Then come weal or woe, your heart is my throne,

Love o'er our cottage will shed its bright ray,

So we'll quickly get married," cried Nelly Malone,

"For where there's a will, be sure there's a way."

NEVER MIND.

I.

If scandal once the power had
Our good sense to be slaying,
One half the world would soon go mad,
At what the other's saying.
Then since from scandal no one's free,
She may talk until she's blind,
My heart shall e'er my mirror be,
If that acquits—I'll never mind.

II.

Should she chance to assail the friend,
Whom by deeds I've proved sincere,
Do you think that I would lend
The envenomed snake an ear?
No, it should not less endear him,
He should find me still more kind;
With these words I'd try to cheer him,
Let scandal talk, but—never mind.

THE EVENING STAR.

I.

“ Oh ! father, dear father,” a young child cried,
“ You say that all beauty is doomed to decay,
The flow’ret I prized has withered and died,
When will the Evening Star pass away ?
I have watched its bright ray on many a night,
But its beauty to me seems ne’er to decline ;
Oh ! why if the flow’ret has gone from my sight,
When will the Evening Star cease to shine ?”

II.

“ My child,” said the father, “ the gems of this earth
All bloom for a time, then wither and die,
But the stars they still beam the same at our birth,
As they will at our death, tho’ years may pass by ;
And a beautiful truth to man is told,
By the constant light of the Evening Star,
For it seems to say, both to young and old,
“ There’s a world much brighter than yours by far.”

HONEST PRIDE.

I.

Listen ye tillers of the soil
That gave our fathers birth,
And I will tell you what I deem
A poor man's pride on earth.
I'm proud to toil with willing hands,
And earn my daily bread ;
Yet *prouder* still, no man can say
By ill got gold I'm fed.

II.

I'm proud to see my frugal wife
Sit smiling by my side ;
Yet *prouder* to think 'twas not for gold
That she became my bride.
I'm proud to help a falling friend,
And do what good I can ;
Yet *prouder* to know the world must say
That I'm an honest man.

III.

I'm proud to see my children smile
 As they climb their mother's knee ;
 Yet *prouder* to think when I'm no more
 They cannot blush for me.
 I'm proud when round the ingleside
 To read the holy prayer,
 And prove that there's a heavenly balm
 For ev'ry worldly care.

IV.

Yet I'm *prouder* that my actions,
 And not my words alone,
 Will serve to guide my children
 To an everlasting throne.
 And proud am I my brother men,
 When my earthly course be ran,
 As they're bending o'er my grave, will say
 Here lies an honest man !

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

I.

The Battle of Life
Is a glorious strife
When fought as Heaven appointed ;
And they who shall fight
This great battle right,
As Heroes shall be anointed.
Not alone for the great
Does glory await,
The humblest shall share the booty.
No man must yield
On life's battle field,
But as warriors do their duty.

II.

The Battle of Life
Is a glorious strife
Of more import than man can see ;
The reward for the brave
Is beyond the grave,
Their laurels immortal shall be.
The flag is unfurl'd,
It waves o'er the world,
With wisdom its motto is rife ;
'Tis " Love one another,
" Be to mankind a brother,
" And fight nobly the Battle of Life.

WE'RE FRIENDS AGAIN.

I.

Come let us now be friends again,
 Of evils past let's think no more,
 Why should the wound outlive the pain,
 Let sweet repentance heal it o'er ;
 Once let the heart assert its sway,
 And mem'ry opes her gates in vain,
 For all our wrongs must fade away,
 When that exclaims " We're friends again."

II.

Come let us now be friends again,
 Nor turn in angry mood away,
 Create new links in friendship's chain,
 For those our tears have made decay ;
 Let not the sun that gilds the west
 Shed its last ray on our disdain ;
 Oh ! let it smile on faults confess,
 And sink not till " We're friends again."

WIL'T THOU BE A POOR MAN'S BRIDE ?

I.

Oh ! wilt thou be a poor man's bride,
And leave a home of gladness,
To link thy fate, whate'er betide,
With one who's born to sadness ?
There are no gifts that I may own,
But nature's sweet bestowing,
Yet cheered by thee, where weeds have grown,
Sweet flowers may soon be growing.

II.

Oh ! wilt thou be a poor man's bride,
And heedless of all telling,
Turn from the gilded homes of pride,
To bless a poor man's dwelling ?
If so, let fortune smile or frown,
For me no more repining,
For I'd not lose to wear a crown,
This hand with mine entwining.

DO AS YOU'D BE DONE BY.

I.

Let the cynic and sage prate as long as they will,
 They may cavil from morning till night,
 When the contest is over, they'll both differ still,
 And then, who shall say which is right ?
 What matter the creed, if the heart have its sway,
 Tho' life's sign posts we mortals run by,
 The great goal we shall reach, take what road we may,
 If we'll do but as we'd be done by.

II.

Let the impulse be wayward as ever it may,
 Still the right road 'twill easily find,
 For honour will joyfully lead us the way,
 E'en tho' folly still lingers behind.
 Then our duty to man must ever be known,
 Though the fountains of wisdom run dry,
 While the heart has this ne'er failing rule of its own,
 We must do as we would be done by.

THE HAND AND HEART.

I.

Let the hand and heart be ever bound
Like tendrils round each other,
That all may feel the hand they press,
Is grasping like a brother.
Then all would know the friend from foe,
As the hand would be the token,
And generous minds would never doubt
That faith could e'er be broken.

II.

Oh ! who would e'en a moment dream
That friendship could be blighted,
Who knew the heart was guarantee
To what the hand had plighted.
Oh ! may we ever shun the hand
Outstretch'd in seeming kindness,
To grasp, yet sting, the faithful friend,
By force of friendship's blindness.

III.

Let the hand and heart together go,
When nuptial vows are spoken,
And woman's faith and plighted troth
Would never once be broken.
But oh ! when sordid lucre guides
The hand but not the heart,
Then Hymen weeps to see his shrine
Profaned by Mammon's mart.

IV.

Oh ! girlhood's brightest dreams of love,
By faith are all entwined,
If once deceived, her hopes are wreck'd,
And scatter'd to the wind.
Oh ! weal or woe must surely flow
In hall or cottage band,
If the faithful heart be once apart
From love or friendship's hand.



THE WANDERER'S LAMENT.

I.

“Oh ! where is my home,” desponding I cry,
As I rove from the east to the west ;
“Oh ! where is that one when sorrow is nigh
I may clasp as a friend to my breast.
The homes of content and bright halls of mirth,
Like a ruin illumed do I roam,
For ne’er can I find that dear spot of earth,
The wanderer may claim as his home.”

II.

“Oh ! where is my home where sweet children play,
When their dear little tasks are all done,
And the mother is sighing that I am away,
Oh ! alas my poor heart, I have none.
Ah ! no I may rove till my hair hath turn’d grey,
Still homeless the wanderer must be ;
I have but this hope, when my life’s passed away,
That in heaven there’s a home still for me.”

YES OR NO !

I.

Yes or No !

Yes or No !

Oh ! what mystic spells are these.

Oh ! what trembling

And dissembling

When these words fall on the breeze.

Thrones are shaking,

Monarchs quaking,

Patriots they gape for breath ;

Friends are parted

Broken hearted

By these words of Life and Death.

II.

See yon beggar all in tatters,

With scarce a rag upon his back,

Ask him kindly 'bout his matters,

Why his fortune's gone to rack ?

He will say a friend deceived him,

That's the cause of all his woe ;

Of every penny he relieved him

By saying Yes instead of No !

LYRICS.

III.

Yes or No !

Yes or No !

Upon these words love's fond hopes turn ;

Oh ! what sobbing,

And heart throbbing

When the fatal word we learn.

Hearts are breaking,

Hopes forsaking,

Streams of love they cease to flow ;

Oh ! what sorrow,

On the morrow,

Springs from saying Yes or No !

IV.

See yon damsel broken hearted ;

Why so cheerless and forlorn ?

Wherefore sadness chasing gladness ?

Why this night that should be morn ?

Ask her—she will answer kindly—

What's the cause of all her woe ?

And with a tear, she'll whisper near,

'Twas saying Yes, instead of No !



MY MOUNTAIN COT.

I.

Oh! I will not leave my Mountain Cot,
 And from the happy valley roam,
 For my heart would cling to this loved spot,
 And I should pine for my dear home.
 You say there's a land beyond the sea
 Where sweet flowers bloom throughout the year ;
 But what would their fragrance be to me
 If my constant heart still lingers here.

II.

Oh! I will not leave my Mountain Cot,
 And quit my own dear cottage band,
 For I would not change my happy lot
 To be a queen in a foreign land.
 Oh! what are jewels or wealth untold,
 They cannot ease an aching heart ;
 Then bid me not for paltry gold
 From my dear Mountain Cot to part.

FORBODE NOT THE ILLS OF TO-MORROW.

I.

Oh! do not embitter the sweets of to-day
By forboding the ills of to-morrow ;
Suffice that the present is cheerful and gay,
Then why taint its brightness with sorrow.
Drink while we may from the sweet cup of pleasure,
'Twill enable us better to buffet with care ;
From the dark stream of woe we all have our measure,
'Tis folly to add e'en a drop to our share.

II.

Oh! do not forbode the ills of to-morrow,
'Twill chase ev'ry joy that encircles us now ;
From the deep well of hope another draught borrow,
And the dark clouds will break that hang o'er
thy brow.
Oh! the leaf as it falls, to man seems to say,
Thy life-time like mine is but a brief span ;
Then, if you are wise, you'll be happy to-day,
To-morrow perchance thy race may be ran

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE.

I.

Cheer up, cheer up, my honest friend,
Let not trifles bow thee down ;
Who would value fortune's smile,
If she did not sometimes frown ?
Life hath many a varied scene,
From the cradle to the grave,
Some are like a placid stream.
Others as the angry wave.

II.

See yon sun how bright it shines
Over woodland dell and glade ;
Think while some are in the sunshine,
Others must be in the shade.
Then let fond hope lighten sorrow,
All your troubles soon may end ;
Sunshine may be your's to-morrow,
Look on life's bright side, my friend.

III.

Cheer up, cheer up, my honest friend,
Let me see thee smile to-day,
All your sorrow, by to-morrow,
Like summer's clouds may pass away.
The sweetest cup of life hath bitters,
That any mortal's given to quaff.
Yet the draught will still seem sweet,
If while drinking we but laugh.

IV.

Fools are they who patient sit,
Deeming every hour too late ;
If they'd rally they might triumph,
For there's no such thing as fate.
Then away with all repining,
All your troubles soon may end ;
Come then, cheer up, bravely cheer up,
Look on life's bright side my friend.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

I.

It is never too late to mend,
 Though life's sun be near its setting ;
 If but a helping hand we lend,
 'Stead of sighing and regretting.
 If we take the cup of sorrow,
 Filling it brimful with gall,
 Then no wonder if the morrow
 Sees the hapless victim fall.
 But if a helping hand we lend,
 Then 'tis never too late to mend.

II.

It is never too late too mend,
 If the world some kindness show ;
 The wind may make the strong oak bend,
 The blast alone will lay it low.
 Then let's help our fellow man,
 Nor ever deem it is too late,
 But let's help him while we can,
 To-morrow we may share his fate.
 So if a helping hand we lend,
 Why 'tis never too late to mend,

WEEP NOT O'ER JOYS DECAYING.

I.

Oh ! Weep not o'er Joys Decaying,
For earth's fairest flowers must fade,
And often too brief is the staying
Of those that are loveliest made.
The rose that we gaze on to-day,
To-morrow we look for in vain ;
Still life's garden will not be less gay,
For the buds will bring roses again.

II.

Oh ! Weep not for Joys Decaying,
'Tis folly their loss to regret ;
They're only their duty obeying,
And ours must be to forget.
There ne'er was a perfume so sweet,
But one sweeter was yet to be made ;
Then who knows how soon you may greet
Joys greater than those that now fade.

THE DREAM OF THE PAST.

I.

“ Let the past be forgotten,” the false one has said,
“ But when can that mandate by me be obey’d ;
Oh ! not ’till life’s latest pulsation has fled
Will my heart e’er forget the promise he made ;
There is not a scene to my memory dear
But his image is haunting for ever the spot ;
There is not a day, not an hour in the year
But awakens some word that can ne’er be forgot.”

II.

“ He shall be forgotten, indeed he shall be,”
I tell my poor heart when my proud spirit burns ;
“ But the storm is soon o’er, and the mind being free,
The day dream of love with more ardour returns.
They may call it a madness, say what they will,
The heart once in love, will love on to the last ;
The loved one may die, but in memory still
The heart will recall the fond dream of the past.”

DAYS GONE BY.

I.

How many poor mortals there are upon earth
Whose sight seems to be at the back of the head,
They rove through life's garden of pleasure and mirth,
And ne'er see a flower 'till its fragrance has fled.
They whine and they pine o'er the joys of the past,
Still blind to the present until it decays ;
When 'tis too late to live, they wake up at last,
And dying exclaim—Ah ! those were the days.

II.

But, oh ! if those poor mortals' visions were true,
How different then would the garden appear ;
So many beauties would burst on their view,
Each spot would have something to render it dear.
They would ne'er know a day without some hour of joy,
Tho' brief each delight 'twould claim the heart's praise ;
They'd ne'er shun life's gold tho' 'tis mix'd with alloy,
And we'd hear them exclaim--“ Ah ! these are the days.”

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

I.

The Pen and the Sword a council held,
 O'er which old time presided,
 And who should wear his evergreen crown
 Was by him to be decided.
 "Come tell me now," the monarch cried,
 "Come tell me each your story,
 And he who has the most good done,
 Him will I crown with glory."

II.

"The laurels I bring," the sword began,
 "Were won in a glorious cause ;
 I have hurl'd from the throne the tyrant king,
 Who invaded his people's laws ;
 I have proved my might, in many a fight,
 Both on the land and sea ;
 And I will swear the pen won't dare
 To say that he'll outlive me."

III.

The pen replied, in a modest tone,
 " See the good that I have done ;
I have taught mankind that right is might,
 From the king to the peasant's son ;
I have saved a glorious nation's blood
 Being spilt in an useless strife ;
And my trophies are peace and plenty,
 Which were won on the field of life."

IV.

Old Time his impartial balance held,
 And their separate virtues weighed,
But soon to the modest Pen decreed,
 A crown that should never fade.
" Go, Sword, on thy fading laurels feast,
 For brief is the span I afford,
And know that the Pen, the glorious Pen,
 Shall for ages outlive the Sword."

THE HEART WHEN WRECK'D BY FAITHLESS
LOVE.

I.

The heart when wreck'd by faithless love,
No joy on earth can know,
It looks alone to realms above
To end its ceaseless woe.
Tho' strangers oft may deem it gay,
When smiles conceal its care,
Yet could they rend the veil away,
They'd see its deep despair.

II.

The present can no pleasure bring,
No joy seems like the past,
To the faithless one 'twill fondly cling,
And love on to the last.
Like the lost ship, when hope is fled,
It braves the storm no more,
So the wreck'd heart, when love is dead,
No power can e'er restore.

'TIS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD, INDEED.

I.

Sweet flowers are oft by weeds entwined,
Yet this does little grieve us,
Then wherefore deem the world unkind
Because a few deceive us ?
Oh ! who would shun the lovely rose
Because the thorn's beside it ?
Then heed not friendship's petty woes,
For pleasure must betide it.

II.

'Tis a lovely world, both good and kind,
They all admit who try it ;
If foolish cynics were not blind
I'm sure they'd not deny it.
Oh !, seek for friendship when ye may,
'Twill never be denied you,
If truth and wisdom point the way,
And honor will but guide you.

OLD TIMES.

I.

Old Times ! Old Times !
 You sure ring chimes
 And changes on the human heart ;
 You've mystic spells,
 And fairy bells,
 To make us from our course depart.
 At thy well known voice
 Will old care rejoice,
 And smiles come o'er his wrinkled face ;
 For on thy stream
 Floats many a dream
 Of boyhood's brief but pleasant race.

II.

Old Times ! Old Times !
 What a stock of crimes
 You're guilty of 'gainst many a spouse ;
 For you often keep
 Their wives from sleep,
 Whilst you and they till morn carouse.
 But who could pass
 The social glass
 When once you shake them by the hand ?
 Oh ! they will boast
 As they drink and toast
 The dear Old Times of their native land.

THE MEMORY OF HAPPY DAYS.

I.

Oh, Memory ! Memory !
Wake, wake, once more to me,
The dear recollections of happy hours ;
Let me in fancy rove
Through youths' Elysian grove,
Where every pathway seemed strewed with flowers.
As waters dark and deep
Are roused from gloomy sleep,
When the sun on the surface sportive plays,
So I wake from woe,
And sweetest pleasure know,
With the dear memory of happy days.

II.

Memory ! Memory !
Wake, wake once more to me
The bright thoughts and feelings of joyous youth ;
When until life closes
I thought I'd sleep on roses,
And deemed the world was fraught with love and truth.
I listened and believed,
Ne'er dreamt I'd be deceived,
By falsehood lurked 'neath an honest gaze,
These thoughts restore to me,
Again dear memory !
In fancy bring once more to me those happy days.

LET US BE HAPPY WHILE WE MAY.

I.

Let us be happy while we may,
 Joy may now be on the wing,
 Those poor mortals who won't be gay
 Let them to their sorrow cling.
 What's the use of all their sighing,
 They'll ne'er sigh their grief away,
 Then let's send old care a flying,
 We'll be happy while we may.

II.

Let us be happy while we may,
 Laugh we will in the face of woe,
 Care must leave us for he'll not stay
 If no better respect we show.
 Let's not wait until the morrow,
 For the joy that's rife to day,
 Time might turn it into sorrow,
 We'll be happy while we may.

WORDS FROM THOSE WE LOVE.

I.

Words that are spoken by lips that are dear
So firmly are lock'd in memory's cell,
That time may roll on from year to year,
And yet they'll be remembered well.
Affection will treasure them close to the heart,
E'en tho' the loved one should faithless prove ;
They'll still be held dear as forming a part
Of rays that encircled the sunshine of love.

II.

Words that are spoken by lips that are dear
Will lighten the darkest hour of woe,
They'll oft chase away tear after tear,
Till we see the sad face with laughter glow.
Oh ! may those words on which love builds his throne
Be true as the coming light of day ;
May truth be our guide, and never disown
Words cherished by love, e'en come what may.

WE SHOULD NOT CONDEMN ALL FOR A FEW.

I.

We should not condemn all for a few,
For nature hath many a mould ;
There are thousands of hearts beating true,
To ev'ry one hollow and cold.
Then pass not the earth's brightest flowers,
If some weeds should spring up by their side ;
The best friends in the world may be ours,
If wisdom will be but our guide.

II.

We should own that our judgment was blind
When we treasured a worthless gem ;
Not rail at the rest of mankind,
For what has it to do with them.
Then ne'er condemn all for a few,
But let truth and justice decide
If friendship and love be not true,
When wisdom and honor will guide.

FIRST LOVE.

I.

First love with its bright dream of bliss
Lies treasured in memory's cell,
For there's nothing on earth like this
That we love to remember so well.
'Tis an arrow from Paradise sent,
It pierceth the manliest heart,
And altho' we may sometimes repent,
We all of us cherish the dart.

II.

First love, with its joy and its woe,
Is oft termed a transient flame,
But those who have felt its bright glow,
Be sure they will not say the same.
That the heart's dream will ne'er pass away,
Too many in silence regret,
We oft find that the love of a day
A lifetime will take to forget.

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

I.

Oh ! summer time will come and go,
 Flowers will bloom tho' now laid low,
 But we one summer only know,
 Then let's make hay while the sun shines.

II.

While the tide of health is flowing,
 And pleasure everywhere seems growing,
 Why take your scythe and be a mowing,
 And let's make hay while the sun shines.

III.

Do not think Old Time is sleeping,
 Tho' he's like the ivy creeping,
 Still we're safely in his keeping,
 So let's make hay while the sun shines.

IV.

Decrepid age will soon come o'er us,
 Then no power can restore us,
 Death alone makes up life's chorus,
 Then let's make hay while the sun shines.

A VOICE FROM THE HEART.

I.

A voice from the heart is a tone most sincere,
And better by far than cold wisdom may say,
For it never deserts us in moments of fear,
But guides us all safely o'er life's thorny way.
When reason is tempted by power of gold
From the pathway of truth with vice to depart,
And virtue is weeping at sin growing old,
How often we're saved by a voice from the heart.

II.

A voice from the heart is the language of truth,
Seems like the whispering from heaven to earth,
Its tone is so soft than e'en passionate youth
Will list to the sound in moments of mirth.
When the sweet cup of friendship by passion is dashed,
And friends have grown angry and say we must part,
How often the vase is saved being crashed
By the simplest of tones, "a voice from the heart."

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

I.

Should our pathway in life be scattered with roses,
Our friends will cling round us like so many bees ;
But soon as misfortune her pale face discloses,
They'll quickly fly from us for fear they might freeze.
Yet, oh ! if there's one who will still kindly stay,
And endeavour to solace the heart aching breast,
Why that one should turn all our anger away,
“ For we ne'er know a friend till put to the test.”

II.

Should the veil of oblivion o'er kindness be thrown
By those who have vowed they could never forget,
We should still not repine, if there's one alone
Amid the false throng who remembers us yet.
Then our faith should not waver, for that faithful one
In the true scale of friendship will outweigh the rest,
For the wisest of wiseacres under the sun
“ Will ne'er know a friend till put to the test.”

DECK NOT THY BROW WITH COSTLY GEMS.

I.

Why sigh for diamonds or orient pearl
To deck thy calm and placid brow,
They'll fail to rival the simple curl
That sweetly plays around it now.
Let others, by nature not so blest,
Win from their lustre transient grace,
But thou, relying on beauty's test,
Show unadorned—thy lovely face.

II.

Diamonds or pearls will unnoticed be,
When placed amid thy raven hair,
For who would ever glance from thee
To gaze on gems not half so rare.
If perfection e'er needs an aid,
Reject the glare a diamond throws,
From nature's garden deck thy braid
With its sweetest gift—a lovely rose.

LET THE TEAR OF SORROW FLOW.

I.

Oh ! let the tear of sorrow flow,
 'Twill give the aching heart relief,
'Tis vain to think we e'er may know
 The anguish of another's grief.
The heart hath oft a secret spring
 Concealed from ev'ry mortal eye,
Which being touched will quickly bring
 The stoutest heart to weep and sigh.

II.

Oh ! let the tear of sorrow flow,
 Seek not to check its heavenly balm,
'Twill often blunt the keenest woe,
 And make the stormy breast quite calm.
'Tis like a short lived April shower,
 When all around seems dark as night,
We see the sun regain its power,
 And charm us with its Rainbow light.

CONTENTMENT.

I.

Sweet Contentment ! hover o'er me,
With thy soft and cheering ray ;
Let thy light of truth restore me
Those pure joys that ne'er decay.
Vain ambition, tinsel splendour,
Transient gleams of giddy fame,
Feeble sparks are those they render,
Not like truth's ethereal flame.

II.

Sweet contentment ! let me woo thee,
Linger round my path awhile,
Like a lover now I sue thee,
For thy dear enchanting smile.
Foolish pomp that mortals treasure,
Fades e'en like the rainbow's beam,
But *thy* reign is endless pleasure,
Dying with life's latest dream.

THE 'CHIMNEY NOOK.

I.

The Chimney Nook, the Chimney Nook,
 For many a year hath been,
 It often brings the past to mind,
 And keeps my memory green ;
 Loved ones, who long have past away,
 For whom now in vain I look,
 Come smiling o'er me as of old,
 In the dear old Chimney Nook.

II.

My father oft by the ingleside
 He would take me on his knee,
 And charm me with his wondrous tales
 Of love and sweet minstrelsy ;
 And when the night did onward glide,
 He would read the Holy Book,
 And say " good night," and kiss me,
 In the dear old Chimney Nook.

WE LOVE, BUT WE KNOW NOT WHY.

I.

We love, but oh ! we ne'er know why,
 'Tis beyond the sage's learning,
To take the charm from beauty's eye,
 Or stay the flame from burning.
As the whirlpool e'er allures the bark,
 Tho' the mariner tries to fly,
So love obeys the magnet spark,
 And onward sails—not knowing why.

II.

We love, but oh ! we ne'er know why,
 Or what the spell that binds us ;
To break the chain to-day we try,
 Still loving the morrow finds us.
Oh ! when we rove through beauty's maze,
 And leave the throng without a sigh,
Then blushing meet the loved one's gaze,
 We feel we love but—know not why.

THERE IS NO LAND LIKE OUR OWN.

I.

There is no land like our own,
 Whate'er may be our lot,
 Those scenes from childhood known
 Can never be forgot ;
 Tho' other skies be brighter,
 And milder seems the air,
 Yet the heart will ne'er be lighter,
 Though the land be e'er so fair.

II.

There is no land like our own,
 Wherever we may stray,
 Those joys around us grown,
 Elsewhere would soon decay.
 'Mid scenes of childhood's home,
 The mem'ry loves to dwell,
 From these, where'er we roam,
 The heart ne'er bids farewell.

YOU WILL FIND NO CHANGE IN ME.

I.

You will find no change in me,
Whatever may betide,
Constant still my heart will be,
As down life's stream we glide.
If sorrow's clouds hang o'er thee,
And transient friends depart,
My truth shall beam before thee,
And rays of hope impart.

II.

You will find no change in me,
In sunshine or in shade,
Faithful still I'll cling to thee,
Until life's debt be paid.
In the hour of joy be near thee,
In sadness ne'er away,
For then I'll strive to cheer thee,
And make its night seem day.

NOT A RIPPLE ON THE STREAM.

DUET.

I.

FIRST PART.

Not a ripple on the stream,
 Scarce the zephyr's softest sigh
 Wakes the poet from his dream,
 Stillness reigns o'er earth and sky.

II.

SECOND PART.

Not a sound falls on the ear,
 Fairies now their vigils keep;
 Flowers sip the dewy tear,
 Then like childhood fall asleep.

III.

TOGETHER.

Let us down the streamlet go,
 Melodious strains we'll gaily sing;
 Dream that earth no care may know,
 Life is one eternal spring.

IV.

FIRST PART.

Not a ripple on the stream,
See, the sun seems gone to rest ;
Now, it courts the moon's pale beam,
Soon 'twill play upon its breast.

V.

SECOND PART.

Daylight takes its last embrace,
Soon the stars will brightly shine ;
Earth has lost its rosy face,
Still the night seems more divine.

VI.

TOGETHER.

Let us down the streamlet go,
Melodious strains we'll gaily sing,
Dream that earth no care may know,
Life is one eternal spring.



THE WORLD HATH MANY A LOVELY SPOT.

I.

The world hath many a lovely spot
To cheer life's pilgrims on their way ;
Its wastes and deserts are soon forgot,
And all its winter turned to May.
Sweet buds of hope spring into birth,
Tho' many a parent flower hath died,
And those poor joys assume a worth
O'er which a moment past we sighed.

II.

E'en woe hath oft the seeds of joy,
And dark clouds but obscure the sun,
So blend life's gold with care's alloy,
And sorrow's sands will quickly run.
Heaven hath varied ev'ry lot,
That bliss is near when deemed so far,
And lights up many a lovely spot,
If hope will be our guiding star.

THE BATTLE OF THE MIND.

I.

Oh ! fight, patriots, fight, but not with gun or steel,
If the cause be right why want the cannon's peal ?
Swords may win to day, yet on the morrow fail,
Once give truth its sway 'twill evermore prevail.

Then fight with pen and tongue,
Fight with the old and young,
Fight 'till the truth be wrung,
"The Battle of the Mind."

II.

Oh ! fight patriots, fight, the noble cause of truth,
To shed its bright light o'er the dark path of youth ;
Then soon we all shall see our altars and our throne
Will ever be kept free by pen and tongue alone.

Then fight with pen and tongue,
Fight with the old and young,
Fight till the truth be wrung,
"The Battle of the mind."

THE PASSING FLOWER.

I.

One eve I watched the flowrets close
 Bidding the light their last adieu,
And sighed to think some lovely rose
 Might chance be blighted with the dew.
And, as I gazed, a lovely child,
 Came skipping by with step so light,
Ringing the dell with laughter wild,
 And seeing me she cried—"Good Night!"

II.

Next day, on passing through the dell,
 Thinking to see some fading flower,
When on my ear a funeral knell
 Came o'er me with its witching power.
And thinking then of that sweet child,
 Who charmed me but the night before,
A peasant boy with air so mild
 Told me that flower was then no more.

PRIDE ; OR, THE COTTAGE ROSE.

I.

A lovely rose once graced a cottage scene,
And all who knew it loved it evermore ;
The pride and joy of all the village green,
The cherished wealth that bless'd the cotter's store.
They prized it dearly from the hour 'twas born,
And in it centred all their world's delight,
They prayed to heaven at eve and early dawn,
To shield their lovely cottage rose from blight.

II.

The rose for years had loved the simple cot,
Until the foolish thing had dreams of pride ;
Rebelling then against its lowly lot,
It sighed to be some rich exotic's bride.
The hope fulfilled, the rose was ta'en away
From home and friends that once were held so dear
To bloom its hour of pride and then decay,
Dying neglected ere the coming year.

LET SOME GENTLE WORD BE SPOKEN.

I.

Let some gentle word be spoken
When the faults of love we blame,
Or the chain may chance be broken
With the heat of passion's flame.
Angry words from lips we cherish
Stab the heart like poisoned steel;
Then speak kindly or 'twill perish,
Give no wound ye cannot heal.

II.

Let some gentle word be spoken
When we stray from friendship's track,
Kindly dwell on some loved token,
Oft 'twill bring the wanderer back.
Repentant tears are often started,
We our faults and follies own,
When those friends who are true-hearted
Rebuke us in a friendly tone.

SOME ONE TO LOVE.

I.

Some one to love in this wide world of sorrow,
Some one whose smile will efface the sad tear,
Some one to welcome the light of each morrow,
Some one to share it when sunshine is near.
This world is a desert amid all its pleasure,
And life seems to lose the only true zest,
If we cannot own with all its proud treasure
The best of all blessings—some dear kindred breast.

II.

Some one to love, whose affection will cherish
The sweet bud of hope when blighted with care;
Some one whose faith will ne'er let it perish
By sinking for ever in depths of despair.
'Tis an angelic light—a beacon to guide us—
Resembling those lamps that are shining above—
A guardian from heaven—a voice to decide us—
Teaching us wisdom in lessons of love.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

I.

Oh! never trust to summer friends
When Autumn's leaves are falling ;
They're like the swallow that ascends
When Winter's voice is calling.
While joy sits smiling at the door,
Your warmth will kindle seeming heat,
Let fortune frown—they'll come no more,
But all your little faults repeat.

II.

Oh, never hope your summer friends
Will soothe the hour of sadness ;
But seek for those that Winter sends
Unwreathed with smiles of gladness.
Thus this good in grief we know,
And life no better wisdom sends,
That only in the hour of woe
Can we e'er prove our Summer Friends.

LOVE'S TALISMAN.

I.

Oh ! tell me, lady, ere I go
To win a warrior's fame,
If on the field death lays me low,
Will thy lips bless my name ?
If so, amid the cannon's roar
Love's Talisman 'twill be,
And that sweet charm may chance restore
This fond heart back to thee.

II.

Oh ! give me, lady, ere I part,
The portraiture of thee,
And I will wear it next my heart,
Wherever I may be.
And that may on the battle field
My guardian spirit prove,
Thy face shall be this fond heart's shield,
Thou lady of my love.

LOVE'S ADVICE.

I.

'Tis better far to love in vain,
 Than never love at all.
 Time may soothe the lover's pain,
 'Twill never sweeten gall.
 Cold neglect is canker'd grief,
 Poisoning every stream,
 Better meet Cupid, as a thief,
 Than only in a dream.

II.

'Tis better far to love in vain,
 Than never love at all;
 To lose some links in love's bright chain,
 Than have no chain at all.
 That weeds with flowers will e'er entwine
 Is the law from heaven above;
 Then if you're wise you'll ne'er resign
 The honied cup of love.

LET US HOPE TO MEET AGAIN.

I.

Let us hope to meet again,
Tho' we part in anguish now ;
Absence ne'er will break the chain,
Or time efface my plighted vow.
Where'er I roam, 'mid grave or gay,
Thoughts of thee will e'er entwine,
And mem'ry wake some simple lay
Made eloquent by lips of thine.

II.

Let us hope to meet again,
Joyous days máy soon be ours ;
Let not thy tears increase my pain,
Think my parting but for hours.
As the seaman trusts the bark
To bear him homeward o'er the sea,
Thy love will be the magnet spark
To bring me back once more to thee.

THE LITTLE VOICE WITHIN.

I.

The little voice within the breast
 That whispers right or wrong,
 Is the bird that sits on honor's nest
 And sings this little song.
 "Oh ! list to me in every hour
 When tempted by a sin,
 And you shall feel the guardian power
 Of the little voice within."

II.

"Oh ! list to me whate'er betide,
 Whate'er life's contest be,
 I'll guide thee 'tween the rocks of pride
 In passion's foaming sea.
 I lie between the head and heart,
 And conscience is my name,
 Tho' wisdom's glory may depart,
 My voice will be the same."

GREEN LEAVES.

I.

Oh ! green leaves ! green leaves ! bright, beauteous
green leaves !

Emblems of youth's sweet spring time of joy,
What garlands of hope your influence weaves,
Mixing bright gold with life's dull alloy.
Old Time passes o'er us as light as a dream,
When the green fields are clad with thy verdure
so bright ;

Gaily we float down this life's mystic stream,
When thy spirit of hope fills the heart with delight.
Oh ! green leaves ! green leaves !
Bright, beauteous green leaves !

II.

Oh ! green leaves ! green leaves ! bright, beauteous
green leaves !

Oft making the cottage quite rival the hall,
'Midst columns of marble the heart often grieves
For cotter's green leaves climbing up to the wall.
What tinsel seems splendour of jewels and wealth
Compared with thy face so radiant with glee ;
Oh ! life has no gem like the jewel of health,
Entwined with green leaves from contentment's sweet
tree.

Oh ! green leaves ! green leaves !
Bright, beauteous green leaves !

LOVE'S CONQUEST.

I.

Dearest, if e'er a thought has strayed
In some inconstant hour from thee,
The mem'ry of thy truth, soon made
Thy smile return to conquer me.
Then have I proved me all thine own,
Beyond the power of beauty's guile,
Then let this conquest, love, atone
If e'er I wandered from thy smile.

II.

Dearest, love's flame that brightly burns,
Defies all rival meaner heat,
And wand'ring love to its shrine returns,
Sure as life's pulse must onward beat.
My love will ne'er inconstant prove,
Though I rove from zone to zone,
If conquest tells the truth of love,
Then, dearest, know I'm all thine own.

A WELCOME GUEST.

I.

Oh ! let me be a welcome guest,
Tho' poor yet princely is the fare,
When humble means have done their best,
And heartfelt welcome bids us share.
I'd rather quaff the homely brewed,
Beside the cotter's ingleside,
And be his guest, though e'er so rude,
Than feast with kings and empty pride.

II.

Oh ! let me be a welcome guest,
To deem my coming brings delight,
And know the morn would bear the test
Of friendship, plighted on the night.
To read the heart upon the smile
That bids me truly welcome there,
And feel that friendship all the while
Would be the same mid joy or care.

“LIFT UP THE VEIL OLD FATHER TIME.”

I.

Old Father Time ! lift up the veil
 And let me but a moment peep ;
 I long to see my boyhood's vale
 When old age o'er its joys shall creep.
 I long to see my Annie's face,
 Roseate now as blush of day,
 When Time shall o'er its beauty trace
 The wrinkled lines of sad decay.
 Oh shall I love her less than now,
 And feel my heart to her grow cold,
 Can time efface my plighted vow
 When I and Annie both are old ?

II.

“ Oh ask me not,” old Time replied,
 “ To use my scythe before the hour ;
 You'd cease to love your little bride,
 If now you felt Time's chilling power.
 Her lily brow no more you'd see,
 But in its place sad wrinkles view,
 The present lose all charm to thee
 To see life's thorns before they grew.”
 Lift not the veil ! lift not the veil !
 Kind Heaven's Law is ever good,
 Change not my Annie of the Vale,
 I would not see it if I could.

ZINGA THE GIPSEY.

I.

Light-hearted am I, as the bird on the wing,
I trip o'er life's valley of sunshine and tears ;
I turn all its dark hours of Winter to Spring,
By laughing at sorrow whene'er it appears.
No mortal on earth is more happy than I,
While singing the songs of my dear native land ;
No bird is more free that skims the blue sky,
Than Zinga the Gipsy and her little band.

II.

When the mantle of night is thrown o'er the land,
And earth's fairest flowers have fallen to sleep,
The sly moon oft winks at our gay gipsy band,
Who, with castinets ringing, their serenades keep.
All the cares of the day are then danced away,
I'm proud as a Queen when they ask for my hand,
Gaily we welcome the dawning of day,
With the light song and dance of our gay gipsy band.

ANNIE LOWE.

I.

There is a sweet romantic spot
Down by the Hudson side,
Where here and there a rustic cot
Peeps through the trees with pride;
Should Cupid pass that spot so dear,
Tho' armed with shaft and bow,
He'd leave his heart in bondage here
With charming Annie Lowe.
Oh Annie Lowe, dear Annie Lowe,
The zephyrs when they sigh'd
To steal a kiss have with the bliss
Upon thy sweet lips died.

II.

I have roved in many a distant clime,
Beyond my own blue sea,
Where pleasure clips the wing of time
With love and minstrelsy.
Oh then I felt a stream of pride
Within my bosom flow,
As mem'ry brought back Hudson side,
And charming Annie Lowe.
Oh Annie Lowe, dear Annie Lowe,
Thy sister light would guide
An Angel's love from realms above
Down by the Hudson side.

SAMBO'S SERENADE.

I.

Wake, lovely Rosa, from your slumbers,
List to my love in these poor strains,
Tho' wild and strange may be the numbers,
'Tis truth that's breaking from love's chains.
I have not words to speak the feeling
Of this fond heart that beats for thee,
But hear me in simple tones revealing
How you are all this world to me.
Oh ! lovely Rosa, when you are sleeping,
Perhaps not dreaming at all of me,
Under thy lattice, strict guard am keeping,
Praying for ev'ry blessing on thee.

II.

Wake, lovely Rosa, from thy dreaming,
Give one short hour to my poor lay,
And that sweet joy will be redeeming
Ev'ry grief I have known this day.
Though I am slave to massa, truly
I am greater slave to thee,
He only chains me when unruly,
But ever and ever I am chained to thee.
Then, lovely Rosa, wake my dearest,
Wake and see the moon's pale light,
And hear me tell how you are nearest
To this fond heart both day and night.

THERE IS ONE THAT SEETH ALL.

I.

Oh ! think that in temptation's hour,
When reason's light hath fled,
And poor resolve hath lost the power
To raise its sinking head,
Altho' no mortal eye may see
Poor honor's dismal fall,
Wherever in this world we be,
There is ONE that seeth all.

II.

Oh ! may this knowledge turn the stream
Of guilty thoughts away ;
Then pure, as rosy childhood's dream,
Will seem each coming day.
Oh ! may this truth be e'er our guide
When tempting voices call,
Tho' lost to all the world beside,
There is ONE that seeth all.

DAY AND NIGHT.

DUET.

I.

NIGHT.

“ Oh ! rosy morn, come not so soon,

Wake not yet from balmy sleep,

Oh ! rival not the silver moon

Shining o'er the mystic deep.”

DAY.

“ I must arise—I long to drink

The dew from ev'ry sleeping flower ;

So, night, good morn, no longer think

I can delay my waking hour.”

NIGHT. “ Night is the time that lovers prize.”

DAY. “ I love the morn the shepherd cries.”

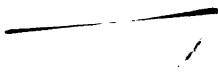
NIGHT. “ Moonlight shining o'er the sea.”

DAY. “ Rosy morn oh give to me.”

TOGETHER.

“ Day and Night,

Night and Day,

Thus this world it runs away.”


II.

DAY.

“ Oh sombre night, why comest thou yet ?
 Still some little moments stay ;
 You see the sun hath scarcely set,
 Chase not yet my joys away.”

NIGHT.

“ Sweet morn, good night. In yonder grove
 See the shepherd looks for me,
 He waits to tune his lyre to love
 Until the moon shines o'er the sea.”

DAY. “ Night, good day, we'll meet again.”

NIGHT. “ Day, good night, on yonder plain.”

DAY. “ When the sun sets o'er the hill.”

NIGHT. “ There for ever we'll meet still.”

TOGETHER.

“ Day and night,
 Night and day,
 Thus this world it runs away.”



WHAT ARE THEY DOING AT HOME.

I.

Oh ! what are they doing at home, at home,
The heart often asks with a sigh ;
When far far away from loved friends we roam,
A stranger 'neath some distant sky.
Do they sing the same glees that we sang every night
So delightfully, all out of tune,
Do they dance on the green with such heartfelt delight,
And tell tales by the light of the moon ?
Oh what are they doing at home, at home,
What are they doing at home ?

II.

Oh ! what are they doing at home, at home,
Does the old house still stand on the hill ;
Do lovers as of yore still every night roam
Just to list to the murmuring rill ?
And the old dog Tray, as he crouches at night,
Looking wistfully in every face,
As they pat his old coat that is shining so bright
Does he feel there is *one* vacant place ?
Oh ! what are they doing at home, at home,
What are they doing at home ?

LITTLE KATY.

In the streets of New York and many of the Eastern States of America, late at night and early in the morning, it is customary for very little children to sell "Hot Corn." They are frequently very ill-used by their parents, as is too often the case with children of this class all over the world.

I.

"Oh ! hot corn ! nice hot corn !

Who will buy my hot corn ?"

Cried a child, in accents mild,

"Come and buy my hot corn."

Scalding tears are stealing

Down her pallid cheek,

Hope no beam revealing,

Katy's sad and weak ;

Yet all the while she tries to smile,

And, in accents so forlorn,

To passers by you'll hear her cry

"Buy, oh ! buy my hot corn !"

Hot corn ! nice hot corn !

Who will buy her hot corn ?

Pass not by or she may die,

Should she not sell her hot corn.

II.

“ Oh ! hot corn ! nice hot corn !
Who will buy my hot corn ?
'Tis very late, no longer wait,
Come and buy my hot corn !”
Children now are sleeping,
Half the world's at rest,
Katy she is weeping,
Dares not seek her nest.
Her wicked mother madly burns
Passion beaming from her eyes,
For life's poison how she yearns,
“ Give, oh ! give me drink,” she cries.
Yet Katy dear, with many a tear,
Ushers in the coming morn,
Faintly crying, almost dying,
“ Buy, oh ! buy my hot corn !
Hot corn ! Hot corn !
Here's your nice hot corn !”
Pass not by, or she may die
Should she not sell her hot corn !

III.

“ Oh ! hot corn ! nice hot corn ! ”

She will no more say to-night,
Katy's lying, almost dying,
Death is hovering now in sight.
Yet to her it is a blessing,

Life to her has naught but woe,
Katy hears there's no oppressing
In heaven where she hopes to go.
Poverty hath killed the flower
That might else so sweetly bloom ;
Old grim Death alone hath power
To snatch her from her doom.
Oh ! Katy dear, what bliss is near
To welcome now the coming morn.
Life is flying, Katy's dying,
No more crying Corn !

“ Hot corn ! Hot corn ! ”

Never more at dawn
With a sigh will she e'er cry
“ Buy, oh ! buy my corn ! ”

NEVER MIND HIM.

I.

Fanny dearest, never mind him,
Never mind him, Fanny dear,
If affection cannot bind him,
He is scarcely worth a tear.
Love like his had better go,
In the early hour of Spring,
Than in Autumn live to know,
The cherished one hath taken wing.

II.

Fanny dearest, never mind him,
Never mind him, Fanny dear,
Let no look or sigh remind him
That he's e'er remembered here.
Deem him like that pretty flower
That is worthless but for view,
Let him see you have the power
To shun the heart that beats not true.

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

I.

Guardian spirits, hovering o'er us
 Round about this world of ours,
 Waking dreams that oft restore us
 Happy thoughts of bygone hours,
 'Tis sweetest pleasure thus to know
 Those we mourn with many a tear,
 That through this life, in weal or woe,
 Are guardian spirits watching near.

II.

Guardian spirits, hourly tending,
 Mortals in life's vale of tears,
 By angelic power defending
 Childhood's inexperienced years,
 Some may call it poet's dreaming,
 Deem it but the sage's skill,
 Yet, with all their idle scheming.
 Guardian spirits watch us still.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

"When thou art by my side."

(WRITTEN TO MUSIC.)

I.

Oh! what joy beyond all measure,
Oh! what dreams of endless pleasure,
Doth my heart so fondly treasure,
 When thou art by my side.
From the well of hope I borrow
A sweet draught to lighten sorrow,
Ever trusting that the morrow
 Will still as gently glide.
Yes Virginia, dear Virginia,
When thou art by my side.

II.

Like the poet ever dreaming,
Some bright ray will soon be beaming,
Oh! the world's with beauty teeming,
 When thou art by my side.
Some may deem it frenzied madness
To awaken dreams of gladness,
When our path seems filled with sadness,
 But thou art by my side,
And I heed not, dear Virginia,
Whatever may betide.

BE TRUE TO ME WHEN FAR AWAY.

I.

Be true to me when far away,
And Heaven speed thy safe return,
My life will seem a wintry day
Whilst thou in other lands sojourn.
Where'er thou art, oh think of me,
From thee my thoughts will never stray ;
The only pledge I ask from thee,
Be true to me when far away.

II.

Be true to me when far away,
For thou art all the world to me,
My fervent prayers both night and day
I'll offer up to heaven for thee.
Oh ! till thou shalt come back again
Adieu to all that's bright and gay ;
Let me not ask love's pledge in vain,
Be true to me when far away.

A HOME IN THE WEST.

I.

A home in the west, my own darling west,
With rivers so mighty and forests so free,
'Tis there my fond heart will e'er be at rest,
And absence will make it cling closer to thee.
I know not the reason, I cannot say why,
My home in the forest to me seems the best,
But my heart when I think sends a tear to my eye,
And I sigh for the friends in my own darling west.

II.

A home in the west, my own darling west,
The evening of life will so peacefully glide
With friendship and truth to clasp to my breast,
And my own little wife sitting close to my side.
Like birds that have wandered far over the sea,
We'll treasure more fondly our dear little nest,
And pray that the wanderer, where'er he may be,
May safely return to his Home in the West.

I AM THINKING OF HOME.

I.

I am thinking of home—I am thinking
Of days that I ne'er can forget,
When my heart wore the freshness of Summer
Untinged with the snow of regret.
I am thinking of friends—I am thinking
And ask my fond heart where are they ?
And I hear its sad echoes replying
They are all far away—far away.

II.

I am thinking of home—I am thinking
Of hopes that I nourish'd in youth,
And sigh as each sweet recollection
Is chased by the bright glare of truth.
I am thinking of home—I am thinking
Of faces familiar and dear,
And, oh ! at this moment I'm wishing
The loved ones were all round me here.

III.

I am thinking of one—I am thinking
Of one who is far dearer yet,
And hope like an angel is whisp'ring,
And chasing away each regret.
I am thinking of her—I am thinking,
And feel I shall not hope in vain,
Tho' the winter of woe now surrounds me,
Twill soon be the summer again.



I WOULD MY LIFE PASS CALMLY BY.

I.

I would my life pass calmly by,
Unheeded by the busy throng,
With birds and trees and clear blue sky,
And dulcet strains of nature's song.
To rove the hills as free as air,
And gaze upon the distant sea,
With one fond heart this lot to share,
Whose smile would be a heaven to me.

II.

I'd envy not the miser's wealth,
Or care for pleasure's pomp and pride,
Whilst blest with that sweet blessing health,
My bark should down life's streamlet glide.
At morn I'd watch the bright sun rise
Resplendent o'er the emerald plain,
And when its glory left the skies,
Love's torch should light me home again.

NEVER GIVE THE MITTEN.

In the United States it is customary when a young lady declines the attention of her lover to send him a mitten.

I.

Lovely little maidens, with hearts so full of glee,
Leave all thoughts of folly, and list awhile to me,
When young I'd beaux in plenty, and many sought my
 hand,
And many were too good for me I now can understand.
Yet still like butterfly I'd roam from ev'ry beauteous
 flower,
And none could win my constancy beyond a fleeting
 hour;
I thought it so victorious whene'er a beau was smitten,
To tease and plague his heart awhile, and then "give
 him the mitten."

II.

But soon, alas, how changed the scene in spite of every
 art,
Tho' I might roam the wide world, I ne'er could win a
 heart,
I'd sigh and smile, look grave and gay, and try with all
 my might,
And in spite of all my dressing, I've heard men whisper
 "fright."
I'd sing the songs I sang of yore with fifty times the care,
Yet when I'd ceased and looked around, not a single man
 was there,
And now I feel the adage true—the biter has got bitten
And therefore tell ye, damsels all,—Oh! never give the
 mitten.

THE GOLD FIEND.

I.

“ Oh ! tell me why art thou weeping,”
Cried a boy so mild and fair,
To an old man who was keeping
Companionship with care.
His locks, tho’ like the driven snow,
Were frosted—not by years,
And thus with heart so full of woe
He spoke ’twixt sighs and tears.

II.

“ In my youth I knew no sadness,
Save some fleeting hours of pain,
Which the rainbow beam of gladness
Soon made all bright again.
My mother, like the shepherd boy,
Who gathers in his fold,
At ev’ry eve would count her joy,
Her love could ne’er be told.

III.

The Gold Fiend came to our happy cot,
And marked me for his prey,
Then soon I mourned my humble lot,
My life seemed one long day.
Every hour I sighed for wealth,
Youth's dreams turned grey and old,
Heeded not kindred, love, or health,
My only dream was—"Gold!"

IV.

Years I passed in a foreign land,
So friendless and alone,
That I might fill my wither'd hand
With gold and all my own.
I now return to my home again,
But not the home of old,
Looking for friends I loved in vain,
And weep o'er my bags of gold.



GOLDEN DREAMS.

I.

What bright and golden dreams arise,
Amid life's darkened clouds of woe,
Whene'er I gaze at those bright eyes,
That seem to laugh at every woe.
A meteor-light is shining there
To guide the pilgrim to love's isle,
Angel of all that's bright and fair,
What golden dreams wait on thy smile.

II.

Sweet dreams of hope, like beauteous Spring,
That bursts upon the Winter's snow,
Awake—and with them garlands bring,
The brightest thoughts that man may know.
Oh! thus it is, in darkest hours,
Thy power alone can e'er beguile,
Turning life's thorns at once to flowers,
For Golden Dreams wait on thy smile.

THE WANDERER.

I.

Oh ! I love—I love to roam,
Like the wild bird ever free,
Seeking every day a home,
And not caring where it be.
To-day, perchance, the mountain cot,
To-morrow maybe on the sea,
This is the happy wanderer's lot,
This is the life—the life for me.

II.

Oh ! I envy not a life of ease,
To me it seems an endless day ;
I love to roam where'er I please,
And have no tie that bids me stay.
Oh ! give me but a change of scene,
Tho' sometimes drear I'll not repine,
Whilst earth has beauties to be seen,
The Wanderer's life shall still be mine.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

I.

In an angry hour they parted,
Never to meet again,
Tears that affection started,
Pride repulsed with pain.
Had a gentle word been spoken,
Or a sigh that breathed regret,
Love's chain had not been broken,
But linked with firmness yet.

II.

At Hymen's shrine behold him
Plighting his truth away,
Love it could have told him
His heart was far away.
Yet 'tis not for land or gold
That he calls this lady bride,
He weds that his love may be told
He has conquered all by pride.

III.

When they told her of his wedding,

Pride tried to act its part,

So the world saw no tear-shedding,

She seemed quite light of heart.

Yet they have lived to feel the truth

Of what they've oft denied,

That the worst conquest of their youth

Was conquering love by pride.



THE DYING INDIAN GIRL.

I.

Pillow me gently on thy breast
Dear mother e'er I die,
And turn me to the glorious west,
The land of stream and sky.
My latest thoughts are wandering there,
In fancy now I roam
'Mid scenes so wild yet deemed so fair
Of our dear Indian home.

II.

Come nearer yet, my mother dear,
A mist seems o'er thee now,
My heart tells me that thou art near,
I can scarcely see thy brow.
Behold yon sun that gilds the west,
Shedding a parting light ;
When lost to thee I shall be at rest,
Then love and life—Good night.

THE FLOW'RETS OF THE GRAVE.

I.

Oh ! let the flow'rets bloom
Upon the loved one's grave ;
Rob not the sacred tomb
Of what affection gave.
Sweet children placed them here,
Upon this little mound,
And with them many a tear
Bedewed this holy ground.

II.

Oh ! let the flow'rets bloom,
To tell the passer by
Tho' man obeys his doom,
His memory will not die.
Earth's garden is wide and great
Where'er life's waters wave,
Then spare man's last estate,
The flow'rets of the grave.

A HOME WITH THOSE WHO LOVE US.

I

A home with those who love us,
Where is there greater bliss,
Save the one that is above us,
Oh ! what can equal this ?
Tho' the stranger's cheer may gladden,
And the heart awhile enchain,
Yet soon, oh ! soon 'twill sadden,
And long for its home again.

II.

A home with dear ones round us,
Tho' we have but little store,
When heaven such wealth hath found us,
'Tis wrong to covet more.
This truth there is no denying,
Nature knows little of wealth,
Friendship and love there's no buying,
Millions can ne'er purchase health.

AN ACROSTIC.

M ay thy life be one eternal spring,
A nd placid as thy beauteous brow,
R eplete with joy may each day bring,
G lad scenes that circle round thee now.
A nd when Old Time shall show the yellow leaf,
R espect and love be still thy hallowed throne,
E ach friend at parting deem thy stay too brief,
T ill angels claim thee ever as their own.

THE PARTING KISS.

I.

Give me a kiss, a parting kiss,
 And then farewell to love and home,
 Yet from these honied realms of bliss
 My constant heart will never roam.
 Like a poor hermit from his shrine
 Will my wandering footsteps be,
 No joy on earth can e'er be mine,
 Till I come back again to thee.

II.

Give me a kiss, a parting kiss,
 And then to all I love, adieu !
 Ne'er can I know a joy like this,
 A home I love, a heart that's true.
 Farewell, farewell, my nightly prayer,
 When sailing o'er the dark blue sea,
 Will be to guard from every care
 My native land, my home, and thee.

THE HUNGARIAN LAMENT.

(Written to music for Jullien's celebrated Hungarian Waltz.)

I.

Hungary ! thou land of sorrow,
Wilt thou e'er be free again ?
Shalt thou know a joyful morrow ?
Must we ever hope in vain ?
" No, No, No," fond hope replies,
" Give not up to vain regret,
Whilst a flag of freedom flies,
There is hope for Hungary yet."

II.

Will this darkening gloom of sadness
From this bright land pass away ?
Will a joyful beam of gladness
Turn this night of woe to day ?
" Yes, Yes, Yes," fond hope replies,"
" Give not up to vain regret,
Whilst a flag of freedom flies,
There is hope for Hungary yet."

III.

Hungary ! my heart's delight,

Will gladness smile o'er this dear land ?

Will despot might e'er bow to right ?

Will justice take thy cause in hand ?

“ Yes, yes, yes,” fond hope replies,

“ Give not up to vain regret,

Whilst a flag of freedom flies,

There is hope for Hungary yet.”



GUARDIAN ANGELS.

DUET.

I.

1ST ANGEL. Tell me, tell me, sister pray
Where on earth your footsteps stray,
What good deed thou'lt do to-day,
Sweet sister, say.

II.

2ND ANGEL. A drooping babe I'll rock to sleep,
When I see its mother weep,
There strict watch I'll fondly keep
By night and day.

III.

ENSEMBLE. Oh ! thus we go, thus we go,
Round about this world of woe,
Causing streams of joy to flow
By night and day.

IV.

1ST ANGEL. Soon a tempest there will be,
I will wander o'er the sea,
A sailor's life depends on me,
Whilst up aloft.

V.

2ND ANGEL. Near the couch of deep distress
I will make its sorrow less,
Whispering dreams of happiness
In accents soft.

VI.

ENSEMBLE. Oh ! thus we go, thus we go,
Round about this world of woe,
Causing streams of joy to flow
By night and day.



LET ME ALONE.

I.

Why is love so pleasing,
Why is love so teasing,
Thought Fanny whilst she's squeezing
 A hand she deemed her own.
I vow I'll not believe thee,
I fear that you'll deceive me,
So tempter quickly leave me,
 And let me now alone.

II.

Her rosy lips kept pouting,
The moments she was doubting,
But Cupid he seemed shouting,
 " You'll die if let alone."
So, Fanny, no more sighing,
In spite of all denying,
You'd day and night be crying,
 If you were let alone.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.
DUET.

I.

Boy.

Mother, do you see us weeping
In this lonely churchyard now,
Where so peacefully thou'rt sleeping,
Hear us pray with aching brow.

II.

Girl.

Mother, dear, we are now alone,
Missing e'er your fervent love.
Day and night at Heaven's throne
Pray that we may meet above.

III.

TOGETHER.

Mother, dear, the flowers are springing
Round this little mossy mound,
Here your children's hearts are clinging
To this sacred spot of ground.

IV.

Boy.

Mother, dear, at rosy morning,
When the sun shines o'er the wave,
Here your children are adorning,
With sweet flowers their mother's grave.

V.

Girl.

Mother, when the sun is sinking,
Dipping 'neath the bright blue wave,
Oft the moon still finds us thinking,
Round our darling mother's grave.

VI.

TOGETHER.

Mother, dear, the flowers are springing
Round this little mossy mound,
Here your children's hearts are clinging
To this sacred spot of ground.



WHY DELAY THE HAPPY HOUR?

I.

Oh! why delay the happy hour,
That shall make thee ever mine?
Time rolls on with feeble power,
Till I call thee, dearest, mine.
The sands of life too quickly pass,
To let them run unheeded by;
Old age cannot turn youths' glass,
The joys of spring too soon they fly.

II.

Oh! why delay the happy hour,
The little birds still they sing,
See how every beauteous flower,
To each other fondly cling.
Union is kind nature's law,
Earth obeys the will divine,
Then, dearest, let me sue no more,
Say thou'lt be for ever mine.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

I.

How many sneer at woman's love,
And say it is not worth the reaping,
Is there a gift from Heaven above,
That is so much worth the keeping?
'Tis not in dazzling halls of night,
Or in those scenes of transient mirth,
Where beauty wears a borrowed light,
Can man e'er judge of Woman's Worth.

II.

But when friends, like Summer's leaves,
Will not bear the Autumn's chilling,
'Tis woman then a garland weaves
Of hope's bright flowers, sweet dreams instilling,
When on the bed of sickness thrown,
Deserted by the sons of earth,
Oh! only then, and then alone,
Can man e'er judge of Woman's Worth.

THE MILITIA MEN OF ENGLAND.

I.

The militia men of England,
 They proudly take their stand,
 As the bulwarks of the nation,
 The guardians of the land.
 The flag 'round which they rally,
 They'll defend it with their lives ;
 'Tis the liberty of England,
 Their homes, their babes, and wives.

II.

The militia men of England,
 When peace smiles o'er the land,
 They leave their father's sword and shield,
 And take the plough in hand.
 They till with manly hearts the soil
 Where the flag of freedom oft waves,
 For which dear right they'll bravely fight,
 Or as freemen meet their graves.

WEALTH AND POVERTY :
OR, THE WORLD WITHIN & THE WORLD WITHOUT.

I.

Warm as Summer's balmy air
Is yon happy world *within*,
All around seems bright and fair,
All *without* is cold as sin.
Within, the mother proudly smiles
On her first-born darling child ;
Without, no ray of hope beguiles,
Hunger drives the mother wild.
Daughters of the beauteous Eve
Both ye are without a doubt,
This it is that makes me grieve
Yon world *within* and thee *without*.

II.

Bright as Truth's ethereal ray
Are the precepts taught *within*,
Pointing happy child the way
To make this world to heaven a-kin.
Dark as night yon hapless boy
Are the lessons taught to thee,
Vice seems fraught with ev'ry joy,
Doomed poor child thou seem'st to be.
Sons of Heaven's Parent thou,
Child of Truth, and thee of Sin,
May Guardian Angels shield ye now
You world *without* and thee *within*.

TO ANNA MARIA QUINN.

I.

Thou, gifted child of the mimic art,
 Accept this tributary lay
 From one whose words can scarce impart,
 The homage that the mind would pay.
 Spell-bound I listen to thy voice,
 Like orient pearls beneath the stream,
 And think an angel doth rejoice,
 The world with some delusive dream.

II.

So young, and yet such wond'rous power,
 That wrinkled age might blush to see,
 How he might still at that late hour,
 A lesson learn, sweet child, from thee.
 The mantle of the gifted dead.
 Seems o'er thy infant shoulders cast,
 To prove the present yet may shed
 A lustre o'er the treasured past.

III.

Oh ! who shall say the Drama's light
 Illumed its last with Edmund Kean,
When now we see it shine so bright
 With thee thou gifted infant queen.
A Siddons yet may live again,
 Her brightest laurels thou may'st win ;
Oh ! may my hopes be not in vain,
 For thee, sweet child, Maria Quinn.



End of Lyrics.



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